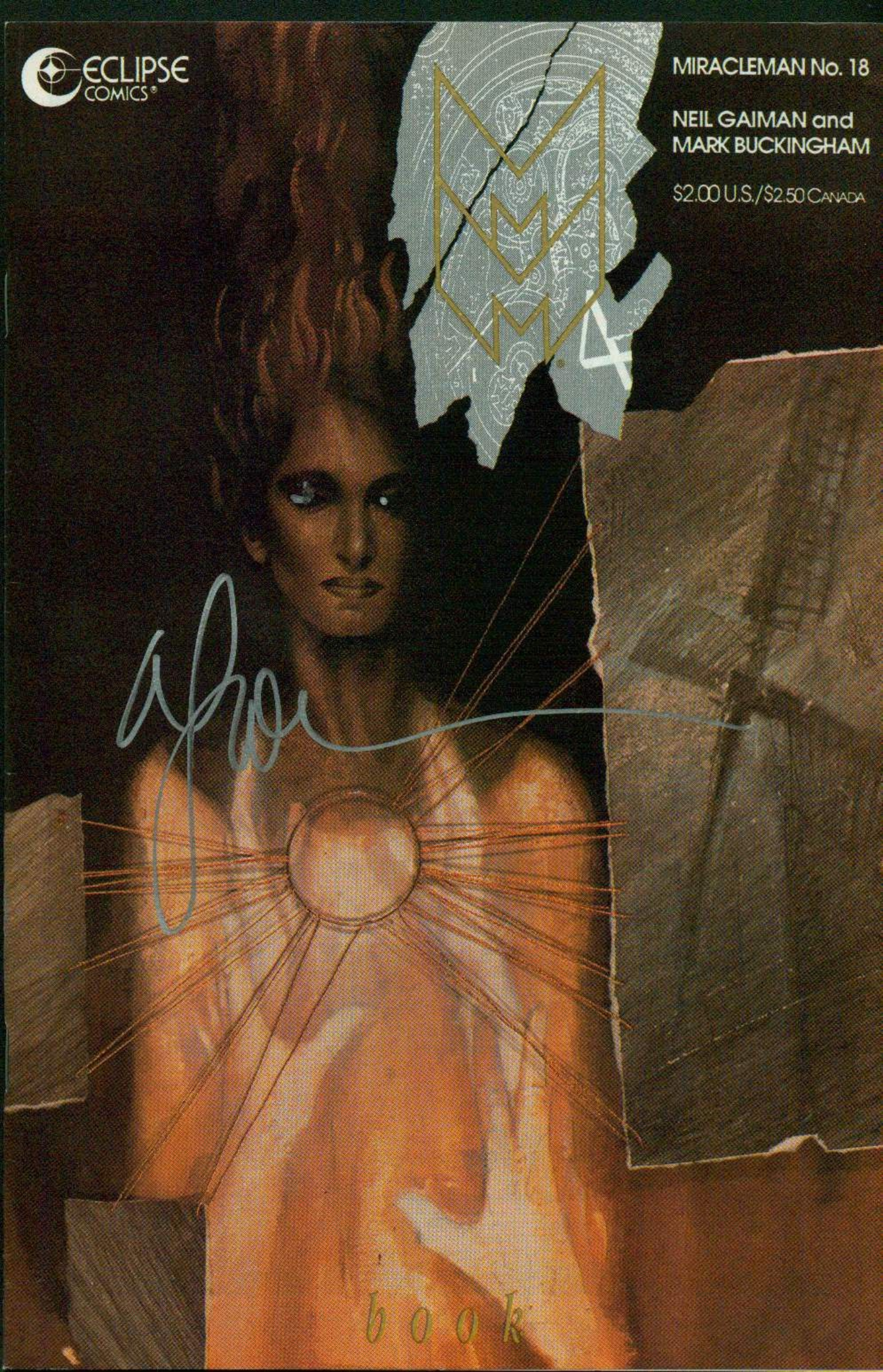
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SAM PARSONS, PAINTER
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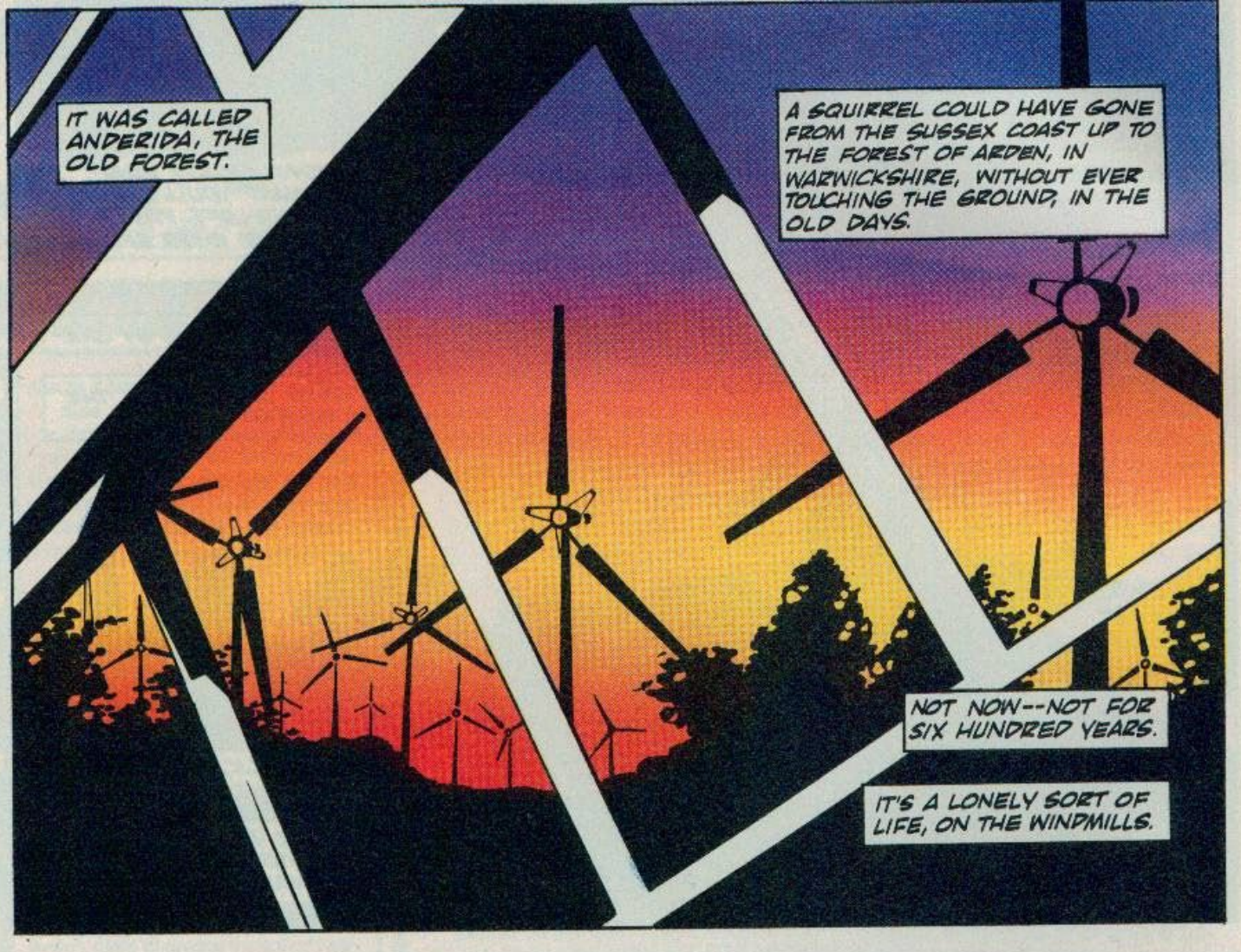
GREG BAISDEN, EDITOR

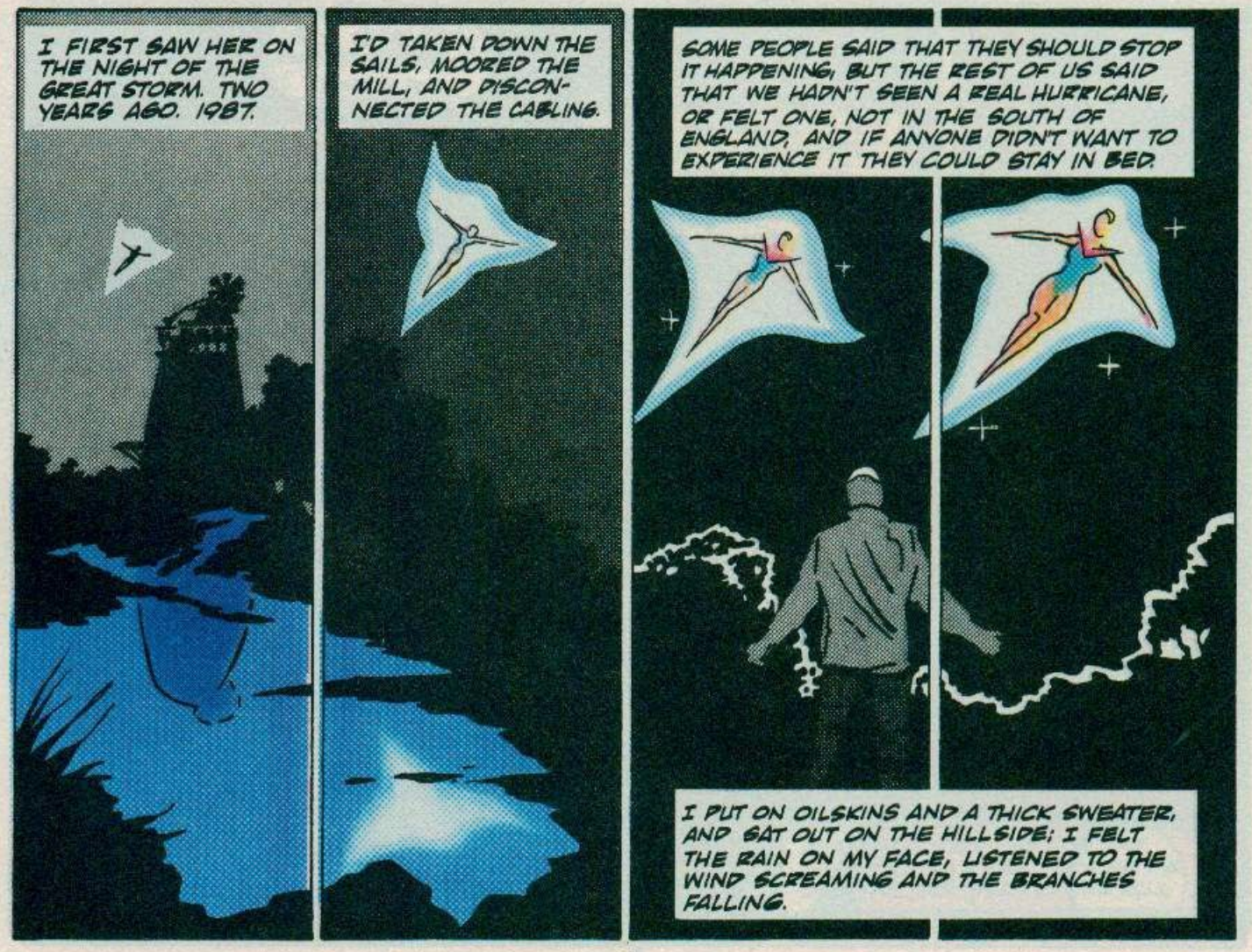
JUNE 1990.
IF YOU GO DOWN CACKLE LANE TOWARD FAIRWARD YOU'LL SEE MY WINDMILL ON THE LEFT, PAST THE FORD, WHERE THE RIVER SPILLS OVER THE ROAD.
YOU CAN'T GET HERE BY CAR.
YOU HAVE TO LEAVE YOUR CAR AT THE BOTTOM, THEN WALK UP THE HILL.
IT'S A LONG WALK, I'M AFRAID.
I'VE BEEN HERE FOR YEARS, NOW. SINCE IT WAS AN HISTORICAL MONUMENT. LONG BEFORE IT WAS WORKING.

IT'S THE OLDEST ONE IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY. ONCE UPON A TIME (THAT'S A GOOD WAY TO START A STORY, ISN'T IT? ONCE UPON A TIME) IT GROUND LOCAL WHEAT INTO FLOUR; NOW IT PULLS POWER FROM THE WIND, PART OF A NETWORK COVERING THE COUNTRY, COVERING THE WORLD.
THE CENTRE BEAM IS OAK-- THE ONLY PART OF THE ORIGINAL WINDMILL LEFT. IT MUST HAVE BEEN FELLED OVER THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN AN ACORN WHEN THE SCRUB AND HEATH THEY CALL THE FOREST WERE TRULY PART OF A FOREST.

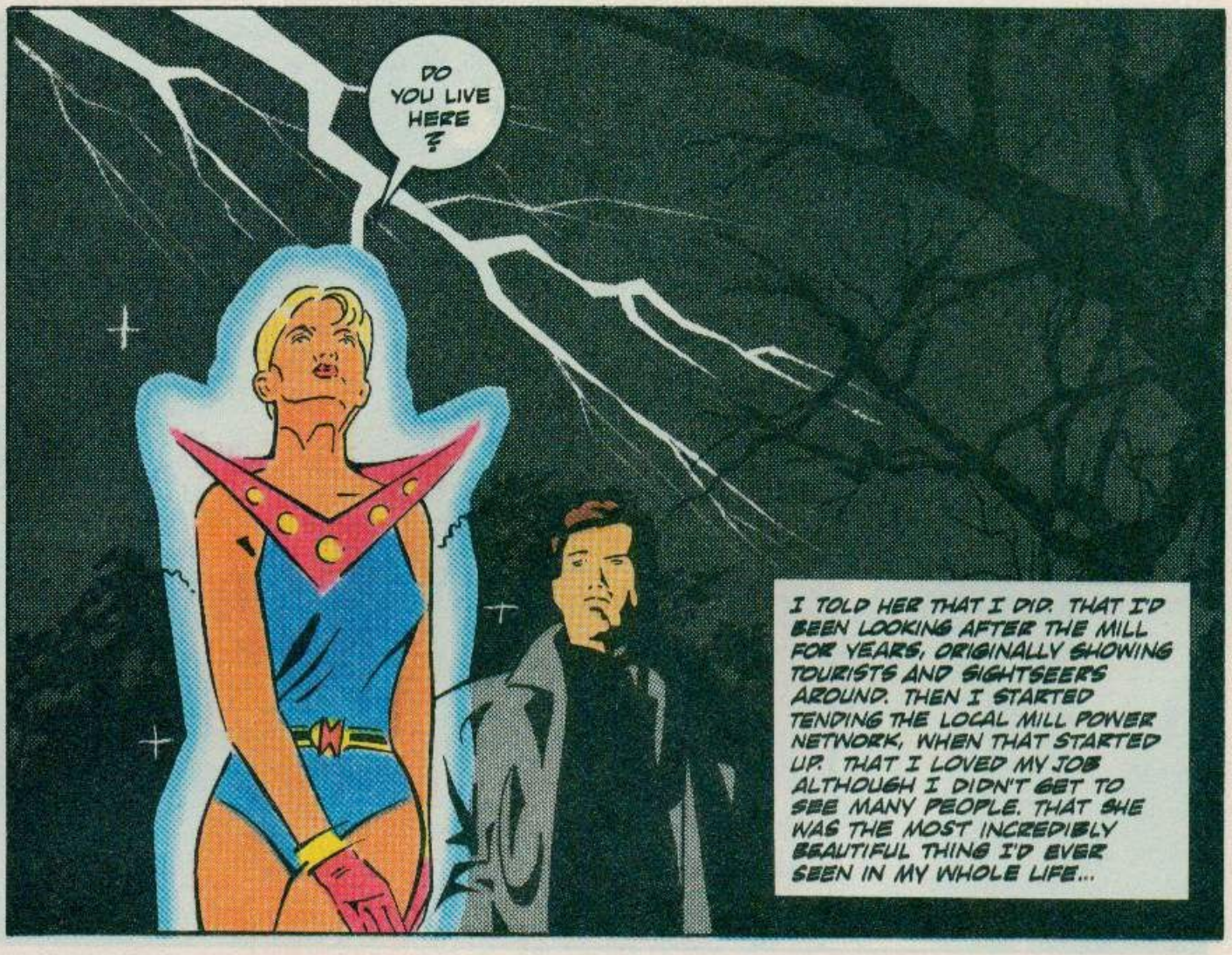

IT WAS CALLED ANDERIDA, THE OLD FOREST.
A SQUIRREL COULD HAVE GONE FROM THE SUSSEX COAST UP TO THE FOREST OF ARDEN, IN WARWICKSHIRE, WITHOUT EVER TOUCHING THE GROUND, IN THE OLD DAYS.
NOT NOW--NOT FOR SIX HUNDRED YEARS.
IT'S A LONELY SORT OF LIFE, ON THE WINDMILLS.

I DON'T EXPECT ANYBODY TO BELIEVE MY STORY.
SOMETIMES I DON'T BELIEVE IT ANY MORE. I WAKE UP IN THE NIGHT AND I'LL GET OUT OF BED, CHECK THE SAILS, AND SIT ON THE STEPS AND LISTEN TO THE NIGHT, AND IT ALL SEEMS LIKE SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED TO SOMEONE ELSE.
OR SOMETHING I HEARD IN SCHOOL: A FOLK TALE, OR A MYTH.
THEN I REMEMBER HER LIPS, AND HER EYES, AND HER SMILE. AND I GO INTO THE BATHROOM AND I LOOK AT MY SHOULDER, AND I KNOW IT'S ALL TRUE.

THE COMPUTER THIS MORNING WANTED INPUT ON A SURVEY: DO WE WANT WOLVES BACK?
THERE HAVEN'T BEEN WOLVES IN ENGLAND FOR SIX HUNDRED YEARS. THEY WENT BEFORE THE FORESTS.
I VOTED YES.
OH YES.
NO
YES
OH GOD YES.

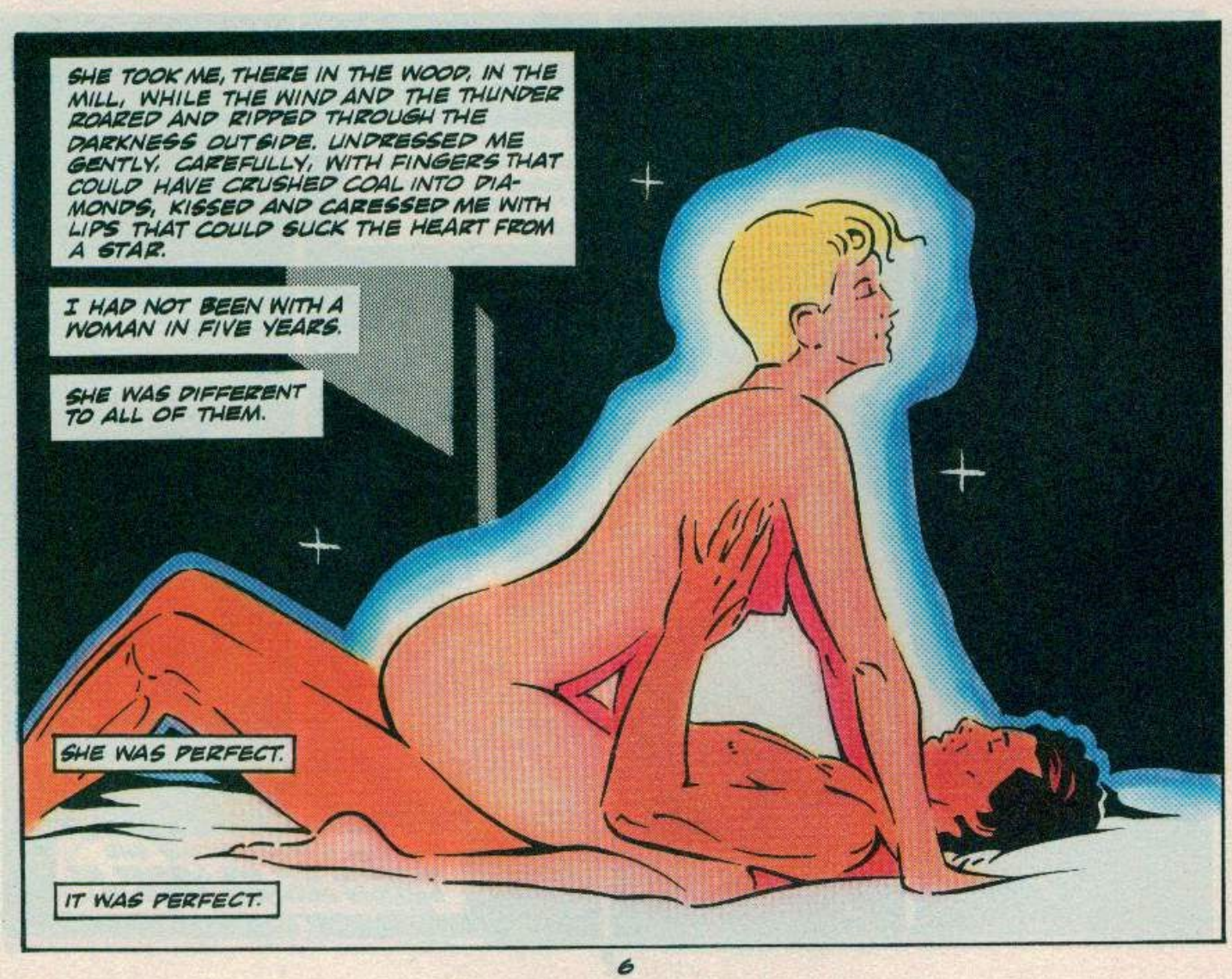

I FIRST SAW HER ON THE NIGHT OF THE GREAT STORM. TWO YEARS AGO. 1987.
I'D TAKEN DOWN THE SAILS, MOORED THE MILL, AND DISCONNECTED THE CABLING.
SOME PEOPLE SAID THAT THEY SHOULD STOP IT HAPPENING, BUT THE REST OF US SAID THAT WE HADN'T SEEN A REAL HURRICANE, OR FELT ONE, NOT IN THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND, AND IF ANYONE DIDN'T WANT TO EXPERIENCE IT THEY COULD STAY IN BED.
I PUT ON OILSKINS AND A THICK SWEATER, AND SAT OUT ON THE HILLSIDE; I FELT THE RAIN ON MY FACE, LISTENED TO THE WIND SCREAMING AND THE BRANCHES FALLING.

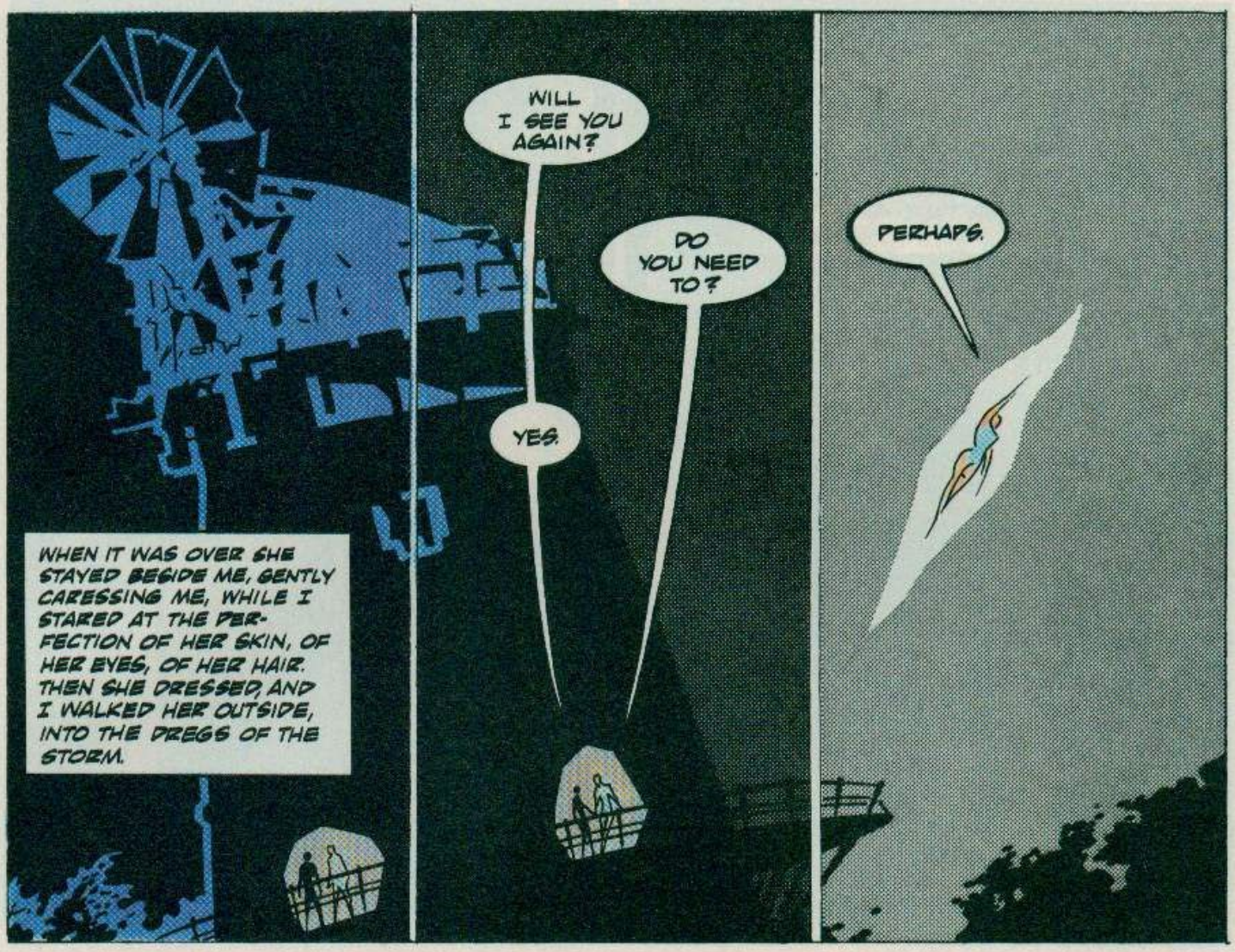
I THOUGHT SHE WAS LIGHTNING, FIRST OFF. SHE WAS GLOWING AND FLICKERING, AND SHE DANCED AND STREAKED AND SPARKED ACROSS THE SKY.
AND IT WAS HER.
I SAID IT, TO MYSELF, BUT TO HER, IN THE LIGHTNING, THE WORDS WHIPPED FROM MY LIPS BY THE WIND EVEN AS I WHISPERED THEM:
I LOVE YOU.
NOBODY COULD HAVE HEARD ME, NOT IN THAT WIND. NOT OVER THAT NOISE.
NOBODY HUMAN.
DO YOU? THAT'S VERY NICE OF YOU. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
I TOLD HER.
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT? OF THE STORM?
BEAUTIFUL.
VERY, VERY BEAUTIFUL.
WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TO A GODDESS?


DO YOU LIVE HERE?
I TOLD HER THAT I DID. THAT I'D BEEN LOOKING AFTER THE MILL FOR YEARS, ORIGINALLY SHOWING TOURISTS AND SIGHTSEERS AROUND. THEN I STARTED TENDING THE LOCAL MILL POWER NETWORK, WHEN THAT STARTED UP. THAT I LOVED MY JOB ALTHOUGH I DIDN'T GET TO SEE MANY PEOPLE. THAT SHE WAS THE MOST INCREDIBLY BEAUTIFUL THING I'D EVER SEEN IN MY WHOLE LIFE...

I SAID IT, ALTHOUGH I ONLY REALIZED THAT WHEN I HEARD THE WORDS COME OUT OF MY MOUTH.
AND SHE NODDED, FLUIDLY, GRACEFULLY, NOT AS IF SHE WERE ACCEPTING A COMPLIMENT, BUT AS IF I HAD STATED SOMETHING AS SELF-EVIDENTLY TRUE AS "THE RAIN IS WET" OR "WE'RE HAVING A STORM."
AND SHE STOOD UP, AND SHE HELD ME, AND SHE CARRIED ME INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE MILL.

SHE LIT NO CANDLES.
SHE PEELED HER COSTUME FROM HER BODY. IT LAY ON THE FLOOR LIKE A LIVING THING, WATCHING US.
HER BODY LIT THE ROOM.

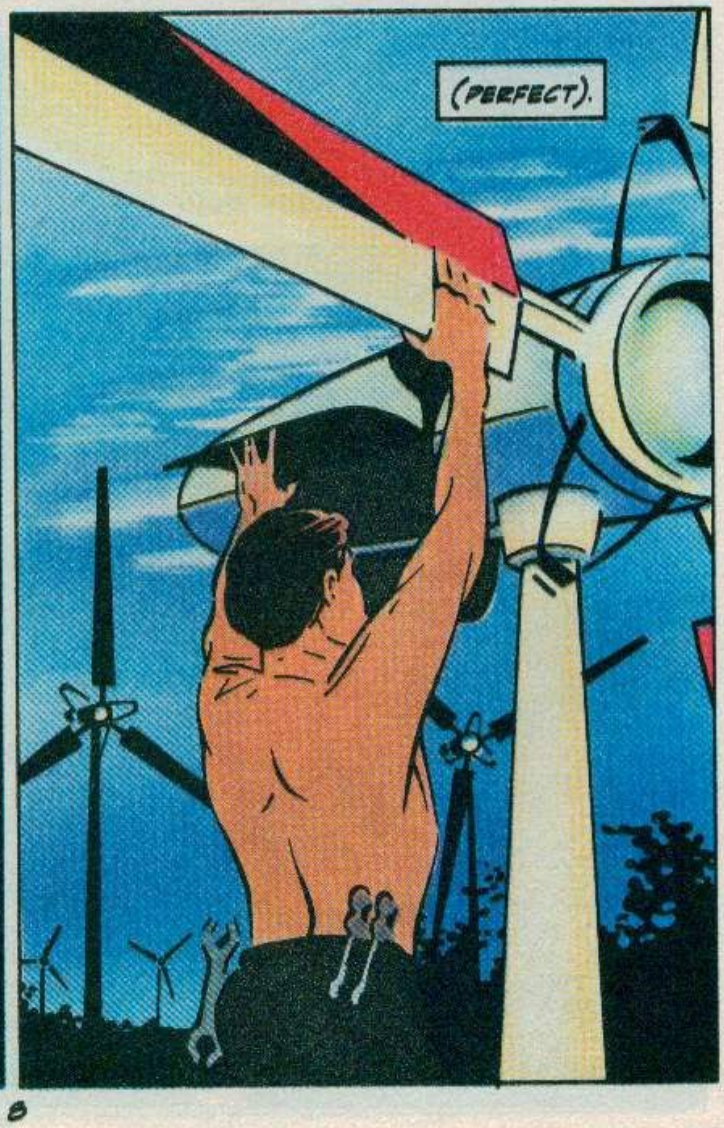

SHE TOOK ME, THERE IN THE WOOD, IN THE MILL, WHILE THE WIND AND THE THUNDER ROARED AND RIPPED THROUGH THE DARKNESS OUTSIDE. UNDRESSED ME GENTLY, CAREFULLY, WITH FINGERS THAT COULD HAVE CRUSHED COAL INTO DIAMONDS, KISSED AND CARESSED ME WITH LIPS THAT COULD SUCK THE HEART FROM A STAR.
I HAD NOT BEEN WITH A WOMAN IN FIVE YEARS.
SHE WAS DIFFERENT TO ALL OF THEM.
SHE WAS PERFECT.
IT WAS PERFECT.

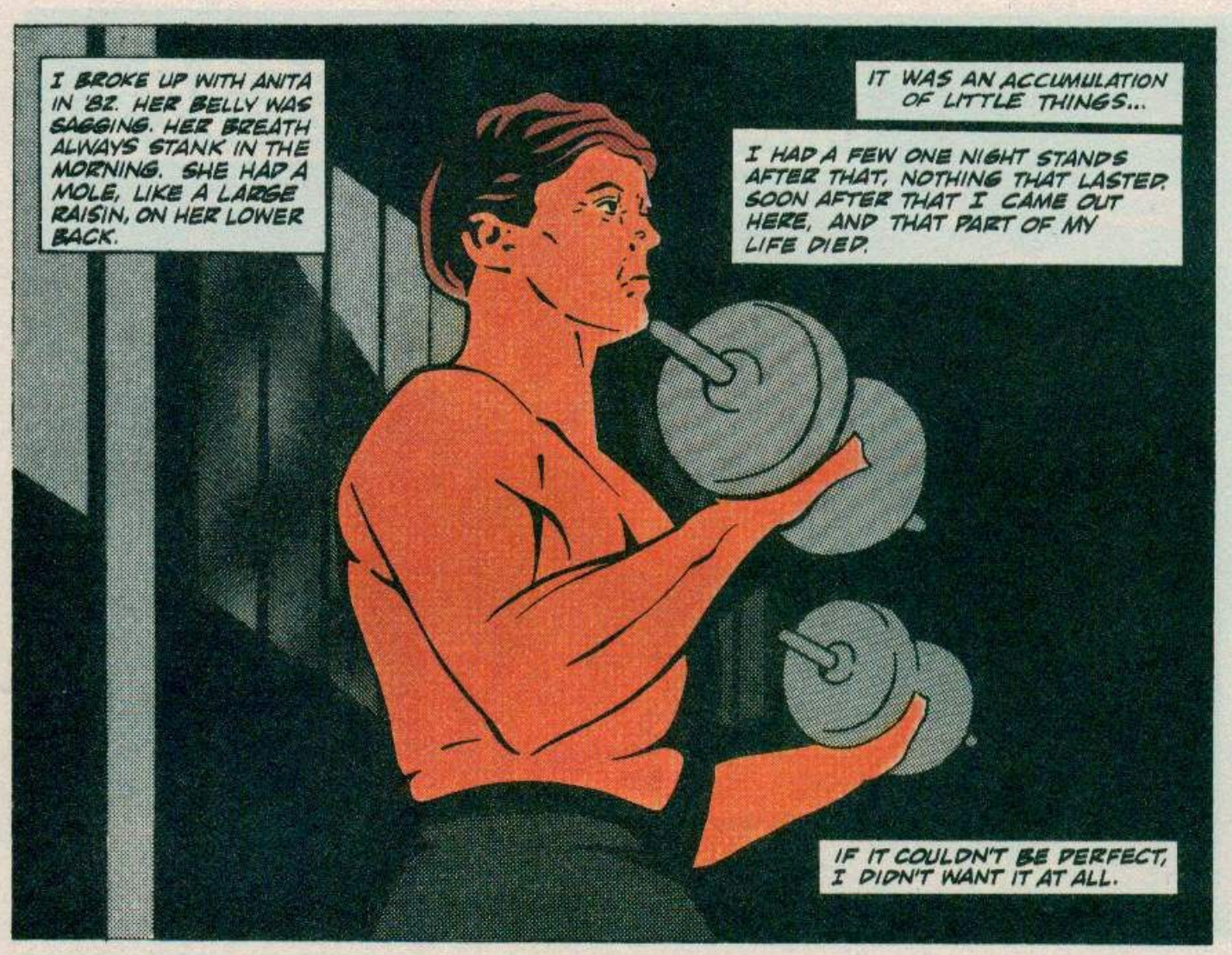

WHEN IT WAS OVER SHE STAYED BEGIDE ME, GENTLY CARESSING ME, WHILE I STARED AT THE PER-FECTION OF HER SKIN, OF HER EYES, OF HER HAIR. THEN SHE DRESSED, AND I WALKED HER OUTSIDE, INTO THE DREGS OF THE STORM.
WILL I SEE YOU AGAIN?
YES.
DO YOU NEED TO?
PERHAPS.

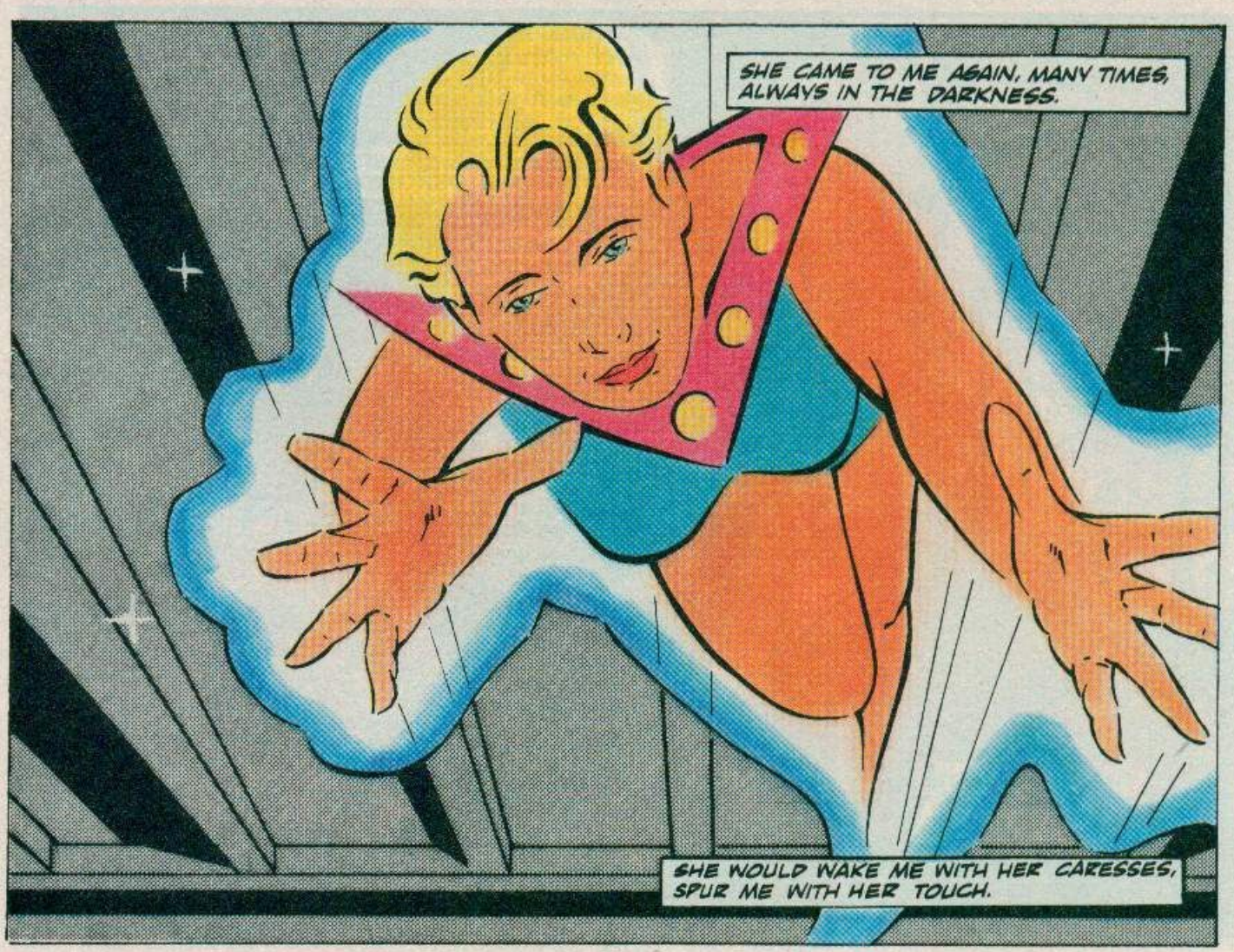
I SPENT THE NEXT WEEK OR SO LOST IN A DREAMWORLD OF MY OWN DEVISING. ON THE OUTSIDE, I WAS REPAIRING MY MILLS--A FEW HAD BEEN DAMAGED BY THE STORM, ALTHOUGH LESS THAN I HAD FEARED.
INSIDE, I WAS IMAGINING:

CHALLENGING HIM. PUNCHING HIM THROUGH A BUILDING.
(NO)

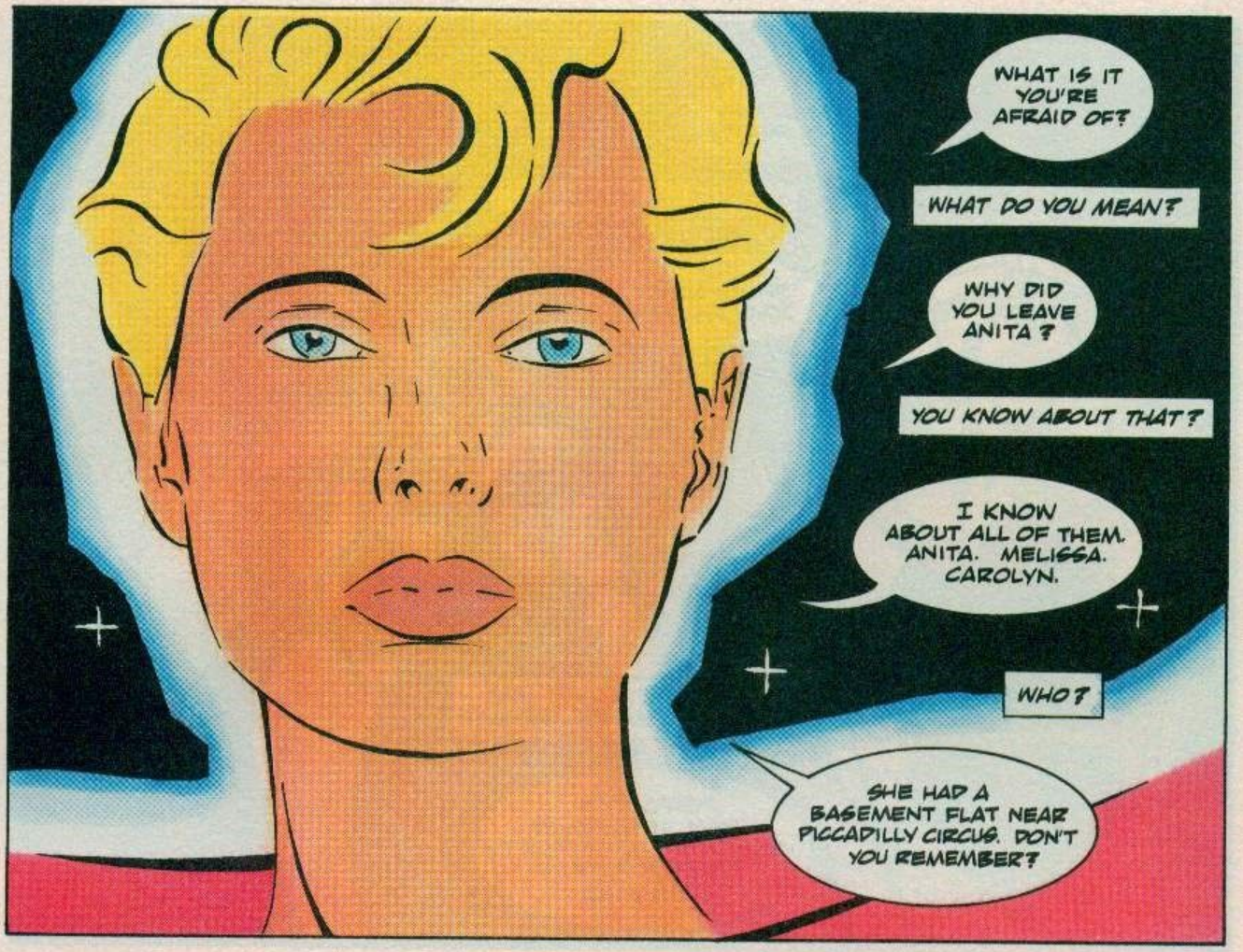
SHE FINDS ME. STAYS WITH ME FOREVER. PERFECT SKIN. PEFECT EYES. PERFECT LIPS. PERFECT HAIR. HE NEVER EXISTED AT ALL.

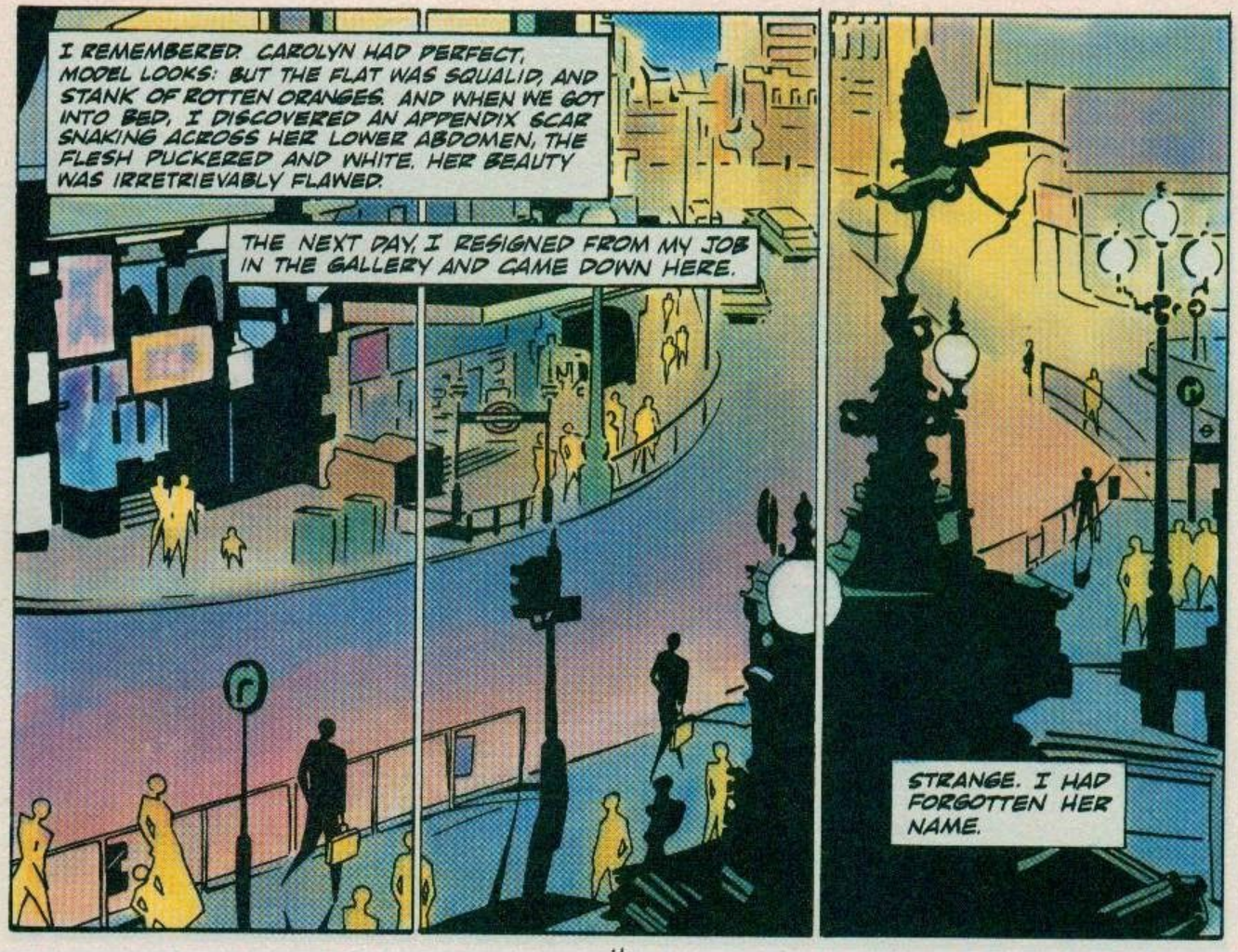

(PERFECT).


I BROKE UP WITH ANITA IN '82. HER BELLY WAS SAGGING. HER BREATH ALWAYS STANK IN THE MORNING. SHE HAD A MOLE, LIKE A LARGE RAISIN, ON HER LOWER BACK.
IT WAS AN ACCUMULATION OF LITTLE THINGS...
I HAD A FEW ONE NIGHT STANDS AFTER THAT, NOTHING THAT LASTED. SOON AFTER THAT I CAME OUT HERE, AND THAT PART OF MY LIFE DIED.
IF IT COULDN'T BE PERFECT, I DIDN'T WANT IT AT ALL.


SHE CAME TO ME AGAIN, MANY TIMES, ALWAYS IN THE DARKNESS.
SHE WOULD WAKE ME WITH HER CARESSES, SPUR ME WITH HER TOUCH.

WE WOULD MAKE LOVE FOR HOURS: I REMEMBER IT IN FLASHES, AS IF LIT BY LIGHTNING--LICKING HER PERFECT SKIN, TASTING THE TASTE AND THE SMELL OF HER, FEELING THE SPRING AND GIVE OF HER ELECTRIC HAIR, CLAWING AND BUCKING MY WAY TO A PLATEAU OF RELEASE I COULD NEVER HAVE DREAMED OF.
WHY ARE YOU ALONE?
BECAUSE I COULD NEVER FIND ANYONE LIKE YOU.
A WOMAN?
A GODDESS.
ALL WOMEN ARE GODDESSES, AS ALL MEN ARE GODS...


WHAT IS IT YOU'RE AFRAID OF?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
WHY DID YOU LEAVE ANITA?
YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?
I KNOW ABOUT ALL OF THEM. ANITA. MELISSA. CAROLYN.
WHO?
SHE HAD A BASEMENT FLAT NEAR PICCADILLY CIRCUS. DON'T YOU REMEMBER?


I REMEMBERED. CAROLYN HAD PERFECT, MODEL LOOKS: BUT THE FLAT WAS SQUALID, AND STANK OF ROTTEN ORANGES. AND WHEN WE GOT INTO BED, I DISCOVERED AN APPENDIX SCAR SNAKING ACROSS HER LOWER ABDOMEN, THE FLESH PUCKERED AND WHITE. HER BEAUTY WAS IRRETRIEVABLY FLAWED.
THE NEXT DAY, I RESIGNED FROM MY JOB IN THE GALLERY AND CAME DOWN HERE.
STRANGE. I HAD FORGOTTEN HER NAME.

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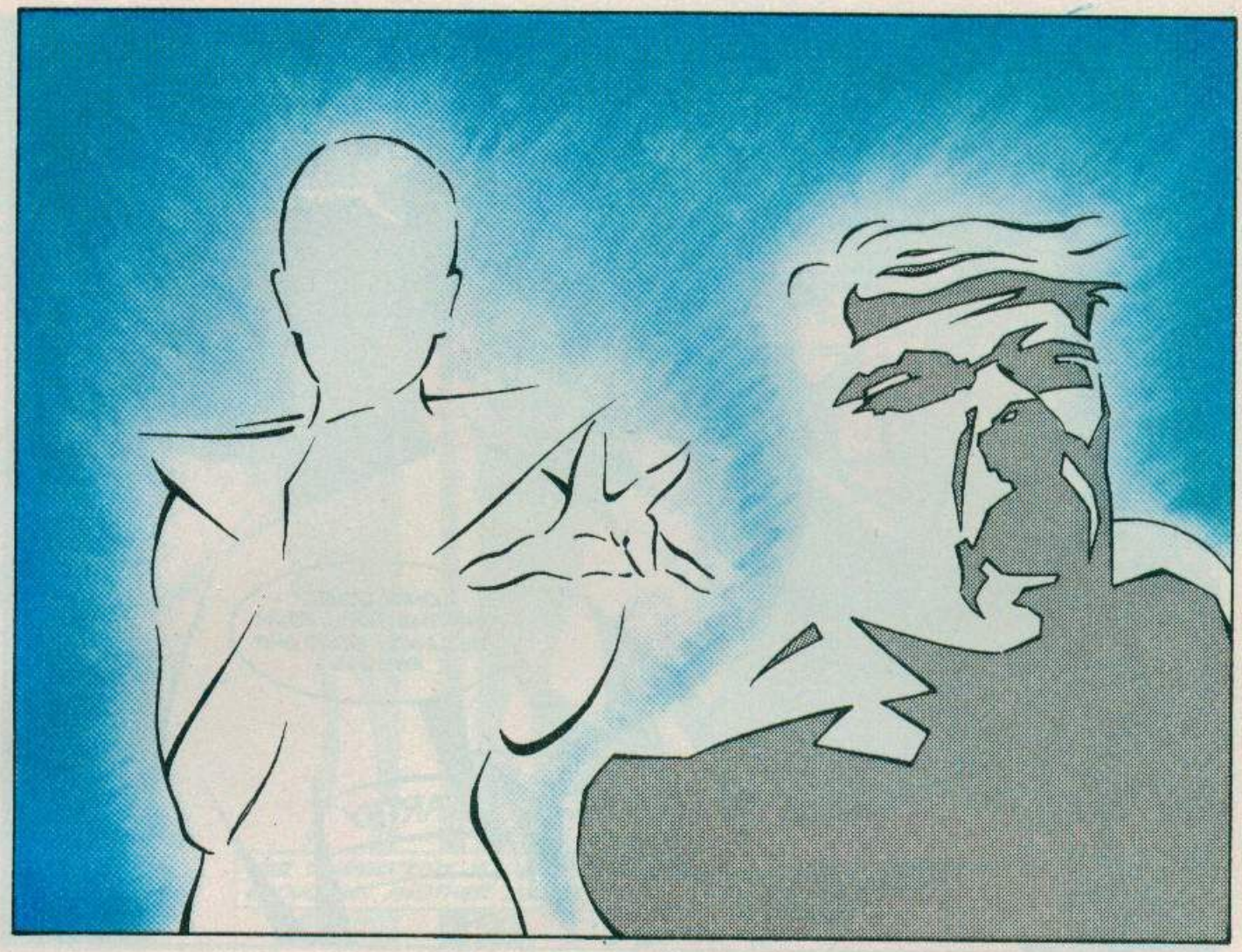
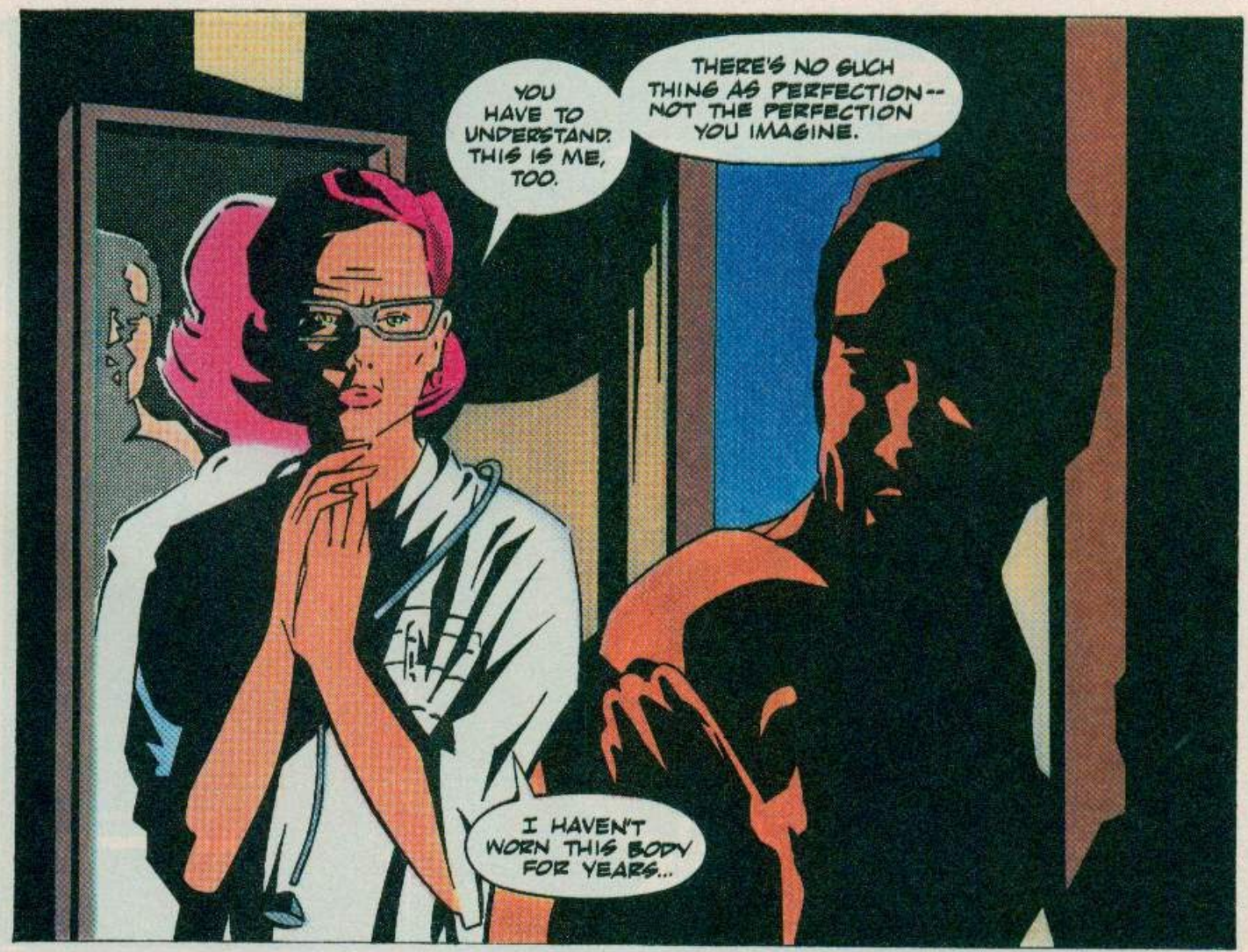
YES. I REMEMBER, NOW.
PERFECTION ISN'T BEAUTY.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND...
YOU'RE LONELY, JOHN GALLAWAY.
I'VE GOT YOU. YOU'RE PERFECT.
PERFECTION ISN'T FRIENDSHIP. PERFECTION ISN'T BEAUTY. PERFECTION ISN'T ANYTHING.
CLOSE YOUR EYES.
WHY?
DO IT.
KIMOTA.



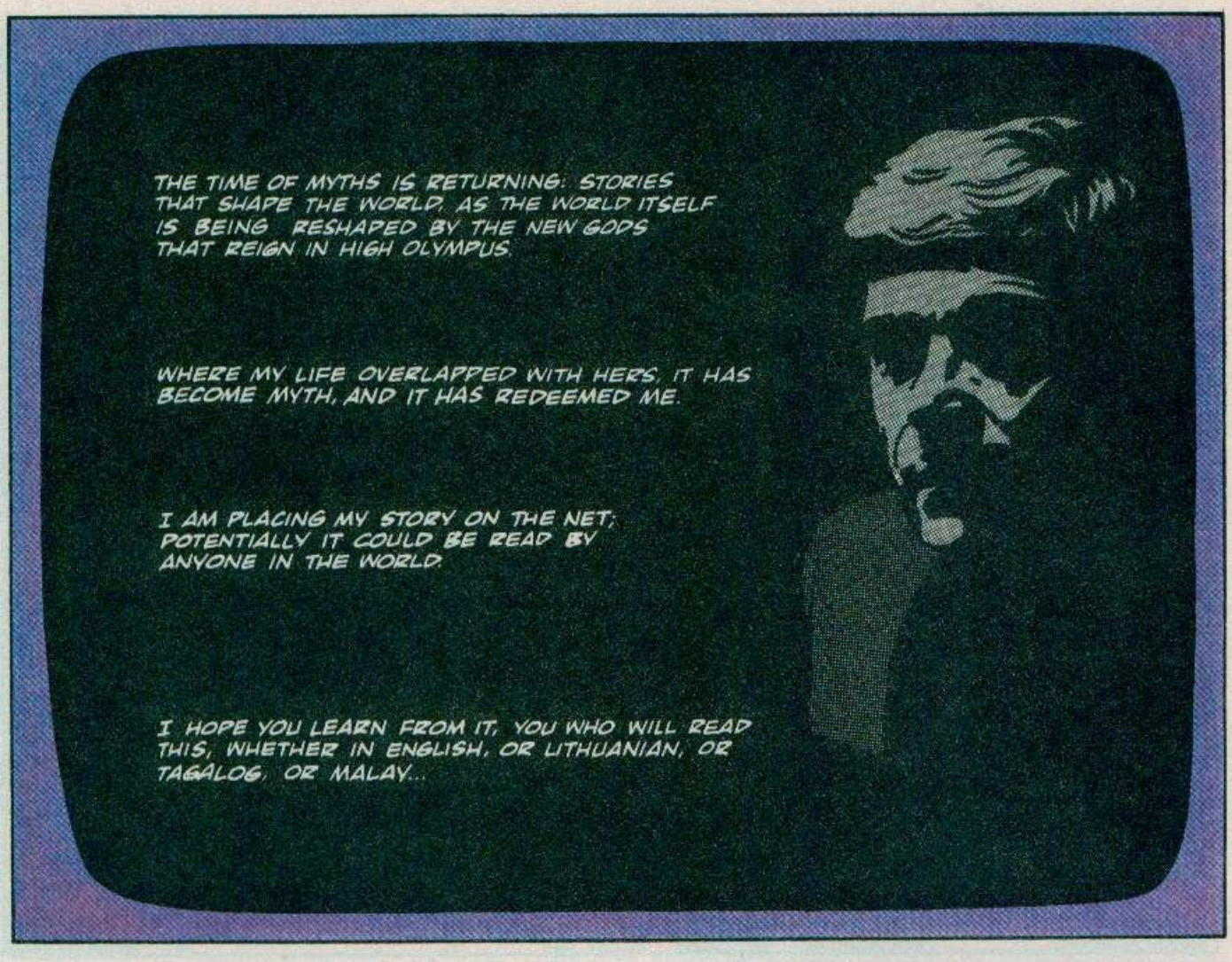

YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND. THIS IS ME, TOO.
THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS PERFECTION-- NOT THE PERFECTION YOU IMAGINE.
I HAVEN'T WORN THIS BODY FOR YEARS...

WHAT ARE YOU HOPING FOR? AESTHETIC PERFECTION? BODILY PERFECTION? THAT ISN'T IMPORTANT, JOHN.
ONLY LOVE, AND THE SOUL, JOHN GALLAWAY. EROS AND PSYCHE.
CARTHY

COME.
LOVE ME.
AND I DID.

WHEN I WOKE SHE WAS GONE. SHE NEVER CAME TO ME AGAIN. SHE LEFT ME MEMORIES, AND LIKE ALL THE BEST AFFAIRS, SHE LEFT ME A SCAR.
THAT'S HOW I KNOW I DIDN'T IMAGINE IT.
HER FINGERPRINT IS HEAT-BRANDED ONTO MY SHOULDER. ANOTHER MARK OF HER LOVE.

THE WEEK AFTER, I CALLED HER LOVE-LINE. IT SENT ME ANITA.
WE SEE EACH OTHER ONCE OR TWICE A MONTH. I DOUBT WE WILL EVER RE-MARRY. SHE'S CHANGED; AND SHE SAYS THAT I HAVE CHANGED AS WELL.
SOME NIGHTS, AS I SAID, I'LL WAKE UP IN THE NIGHT AND GET UP, CHECK THE SAILS, SIT ON THE STEPS, LISTEN TO THE NIGHT, AND WONDER.


THE TIME OF MYTHS IS RETURNING: STORIES THAT SHAPE THE WORLD, AS THE WORLD ITSELF IS BEING RESHAPED BY THE NEW GODS THAT REIGN IN HIGH OLYMPUS.
WHERE MY LIFE OVERLAPPED WITH HERS, IT HAS BECOME MYTH, AND IT HAS REDEEMED ME.
I AM PLACING MY STORY ON THE NET; POTENTIALLY IT COULD BE READ BY ANYONE IN THE WORLD.
I HOPE YOU LEARN FROM IT, YOU WHO WILL READ THIS, WHETHER IN ENGLISH, OR LITHUANIAN, OR TAGALOG, OR MALAY...

I HOPE YOU LIKE IT.
IF YOU WANT, I WILL TELL YOU MY STORY IN PERSON.
I'M AVAILABLE. I'LL SHOW YOU AROUND THE WINDMILL, IF YOU WISH.
GO DOWN CACKLE LANE TOWARD FAIRWARP. YOU'LL SEE IT ON THE LEFT, PAST THE FORD, WHERE THE RIVER SPILLS UP OVER THE ROAD WHENEVER IT RAINS.

END.

NEIL GAIMAN, WRITER
MARK BUCKINGHAM, ARTIST
SAM PARSONS, PAINTER
WAYNE TRUMAN, LETTERER
GREG BAISPEN, EDITOR
TRENDS
GO ON. SHOW IT TO US.
NO.
BICYCLE SHEDS
THE SCHOOL ACCEPTS NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR DAMAGE OR LOSS
GO ON.
I'M NOT GOING TO SHOW IT TO YOU. I SHOULDN'T EVEN HAVE TOLD YOU ABOUT IT.
WHY NOT?
BECAUSE.
BECAUSE IT'S A BATES THING. THAT'S WHY NOT. AND YOU'RE NOT A BATES.
I COULD BE.
YOU DON'T WANT TO BE.
I MIGHT DO.
BULLSHIT. YOU LIKE BEING POPULAR TOO MUCH. THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO TALK TO BATESES ARE BATESES. OTHER PEOPLE HATE US.
I TALK TO YOU.
I SUPPOSE.

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ANYWAY, THERE WAS THAT WHOLE THING IN THE FACE, ABOUT HOW BATES STYLES ARE GETTING TRENDY THESE DAYS.
WE'RE NOT TRENDY.
TRENDS FINISH. FASHIONS STOP WHEN NEW FASHIONS COME ALONG. ONCE YOU'RE A BATES, YOU'RE A BATES FOREVER...
WHEN YOU'RE A JET YOU'RE A JET ALL THE WAY...
WHAT?
WEST SIDE STORY.
SHOW IT TO ME.
NO.
I KNEW A BATES IN LIVERPOOL WHO SAID THAT YOU WERE GOING TO BRING HIM BACK.

HE SAID BATES CAME TO CLEANSE THE WORLD OF THE DISEASE OF LIFE. AND THAT ONE DAY HE'D BE BACK. HE SAID IT STOOD TO REASON. JUST LIKE JESUS. AND THAT'S WHY THE MIRACLE MAN DOESN'T CLAMP DOWN ON THE BATESES.
HI, JACKIE. HI, GREG.
HI, SHARON. HANG ON A SEC, WILL YOU? GOT SOMETHING TO FINISH OVER HERE.
YEAH. S'OKAY. JUST CAME BACK HERE TO HAVE A CIGGIE ANYWAY.
HOW DO YOU MEAN? 'JUST LIKE JESUS?'
WELL, IF JESUS HADN'T RISEN AGAIN, THE ROMANS WOULD HAVE DISPLAYED HIS BODY, WOULDN'T THEY? SHUT EVERYBODY UP.
I SUPPOSE.
SO WHY DIDN'T HE HANG BATES' BODY FROM THE TOP OF OLYMPUS?

YOU DO UNDERSTAND IT, DON'T YOU?
LIKE I SAID, THERE WAS THIS BATES IN LIVERPOOL. SO WILL YOU SHOW IT TO ME? PLEASE?
ALL RIGHT. NOT NOW. WHEN THEY'RE GONE. BUT REALLY I SHOULDN'T...
IT'S OKAY, SHARON. WE'RE FINISHED.
YEAH? COME HERE, JACKS--LISTEN TO THIS. GO ON, SAY IT AGAIN, KEVIN.
'SNOTHIN, REALLY. 'SJUST MY DAD WAS SAYIN' WHEN HE WAS AT SCHOOL THEY NEVER HAD SEX EDUCASHUN, AN' HE'S NOT REALLY SURE HE APPROVES.
'COURSE THEY HAD SEX EDUCATION.
NOT WITH REAL SEX THEY DIN'T.
HUH? HOW CAN YOU HAVE SEX EDUCASHUN WITHOUT HAVING SEX? THAT'S STUPID, THAT IS. IT'D BE LIKE MATHS WITHOUT ADDIN' THINGS UP, OR--OR CHEMISTRY WITHOUT DOIN' THINGS WITH TEST-TUBES.
THERE'S A KID IN GLASGOW WHO MADE A POTION IN CHEMISTRY THAT MADE HIM INVISIBLE FOR A WEEK.
I KNOW THAT. EVERYONE KNOWS THAT. THERE'S PROBABLY NO ONE IN THE WHOLE WORLD THAT DOESN'T KNOW THAT. YOU SAW IT ON "NEWSROUND," DIDN'T YOU?
YEAH.
MY DAD SAYS THAT SORT OF THING NEVER HAPPENED IN THE OLD DAYS, NEITHER.

THEY SAID ON "NEWSROUND" THAT THAT SORT OF THING'S GOIN' TO BE HAPPENIN' MORE AND MORE.
BAGS I GET BITTEN BY THE RADIOACTIVE SPIDER.
DON'T BE A PRAT, JASON. IF YOU GOT BITTEN BY A RADIOACTIVE SPIDER YOU'D DIE.
IN THE OLD DAYS, MAYBE. BACK WHEN THINGS WAS BORING, NOT ANY MORE.
HE'S RIGHT. SORT OF, ANYWAY.
OH, DON'T YOU START, JACKS.
THE PROBABILITIES ARE CHANGING.
HUH?
WE DID IT LAST WEEK, IN RELIGIOUS STUDIES. IT WOULD BE A MIRACLE, IF YOU GAINED POWERS FROM SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
IT'S NOT IMPOSSIBLE, BECAUSE ON A QUANTUM LEVEL, NOTHING'S IMPOSSIBLE. IT'S JUST VERY, VERY UNLIKELY.. TO THE POINT OF VIRTUAL IMPOSSIBILITY.
BUT MIRACLES ARE HAPPENING MORE AND MORE NOW. PIGGSY SAID THAT IT'S SOMETHING TO DO WITH DEFORMING PROBABILITIES.
ONE IMPOSSIBLE THING MAKES OTHER IMPOSSIBLE THINGS HAPPEN.
PIGGSY'S FULL OF SHIT.
AN' HE PICKS HIS NOSE. I SEEN HIM DO IT.
WELL, ANYWAY, THAT'S WHAT HE SAID.

DINGALINGALINGALINGALINGALI
BETTER BE GETTING BACK. COME ON, JACKS. WE GOT DOUBLE FANTASTIQUE NEXT.
YEAH. ALL RIGHT. I'LL JUST BE A SEC: TELL CARROWAY THAT I'M, I DUNNO, GETTING ME BOOKS TOGETHER OR SOMETHING.
ARE YOU GOING TO SHOW ME, THEN?
SAID I WOULD, DIDN'T I?
WELL, GO ON.
WELL?
IT'S BEAUTIFUL.
DO YOU THINK HE'LL EVER COME BACK?
'COURSE.

CORRECTION

CAPTIONS MISSING FROM MM 18!

PAGE 8, PANEL 1:

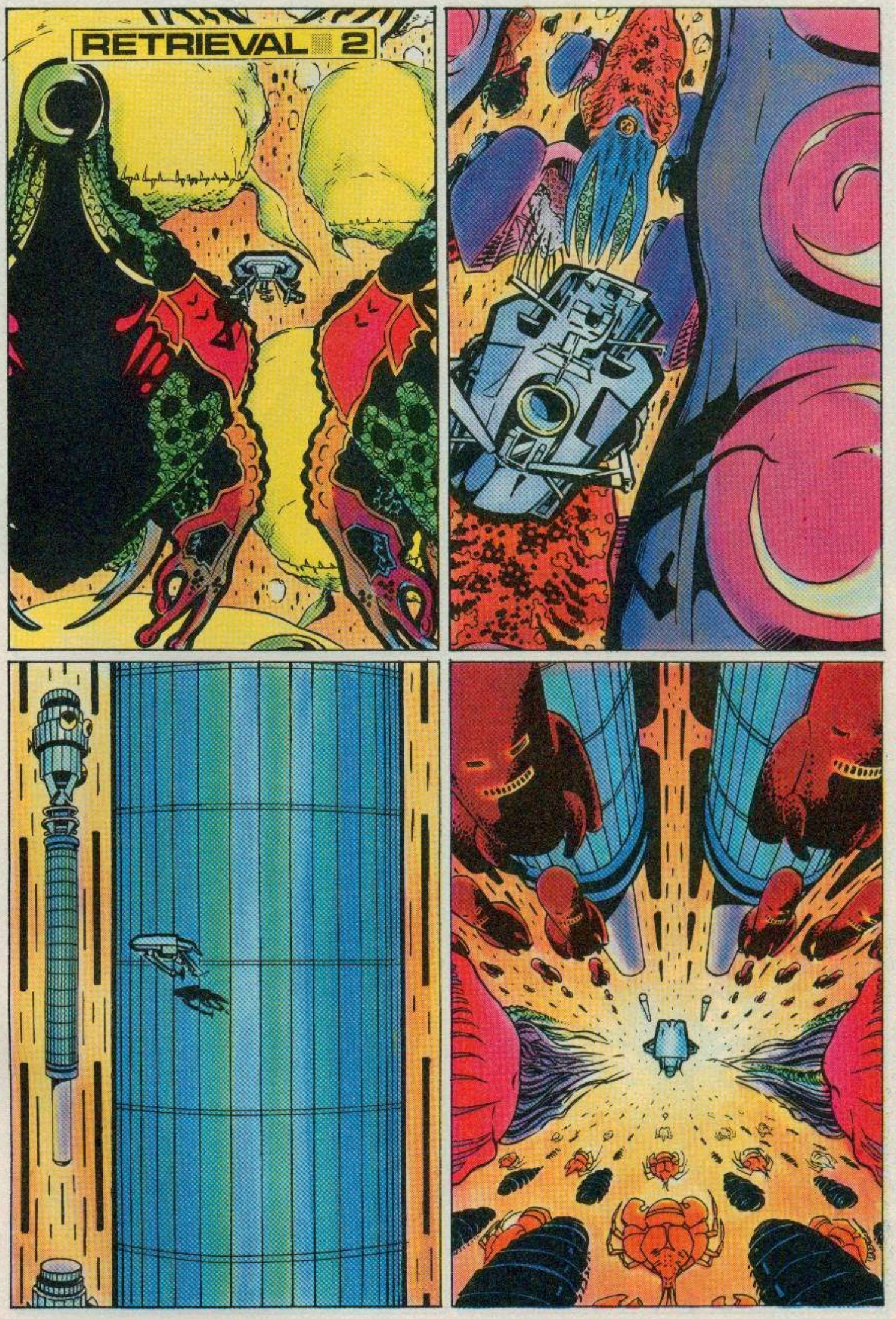
"HIM SEEING ME, RECOGNIZING ME AS THE BETTER MAN, AND WALKING OFF ALONE, NOBLE, INTO THE DESERT, INTO THE SUNSET. (NO.)"

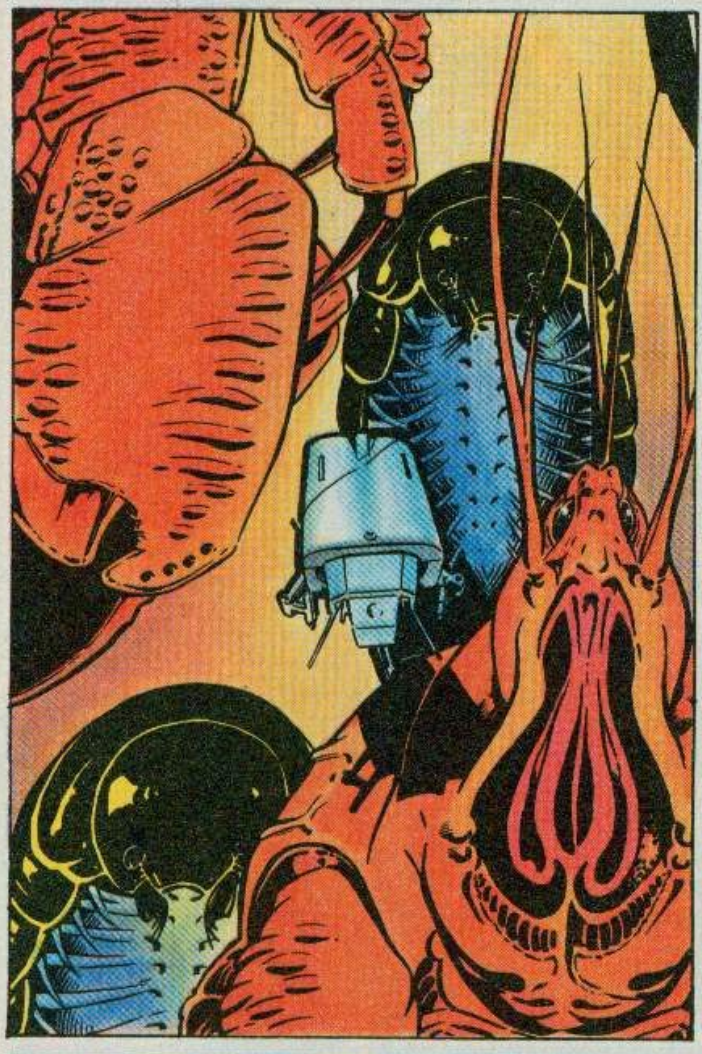
PAGE 8, PANEL 2:

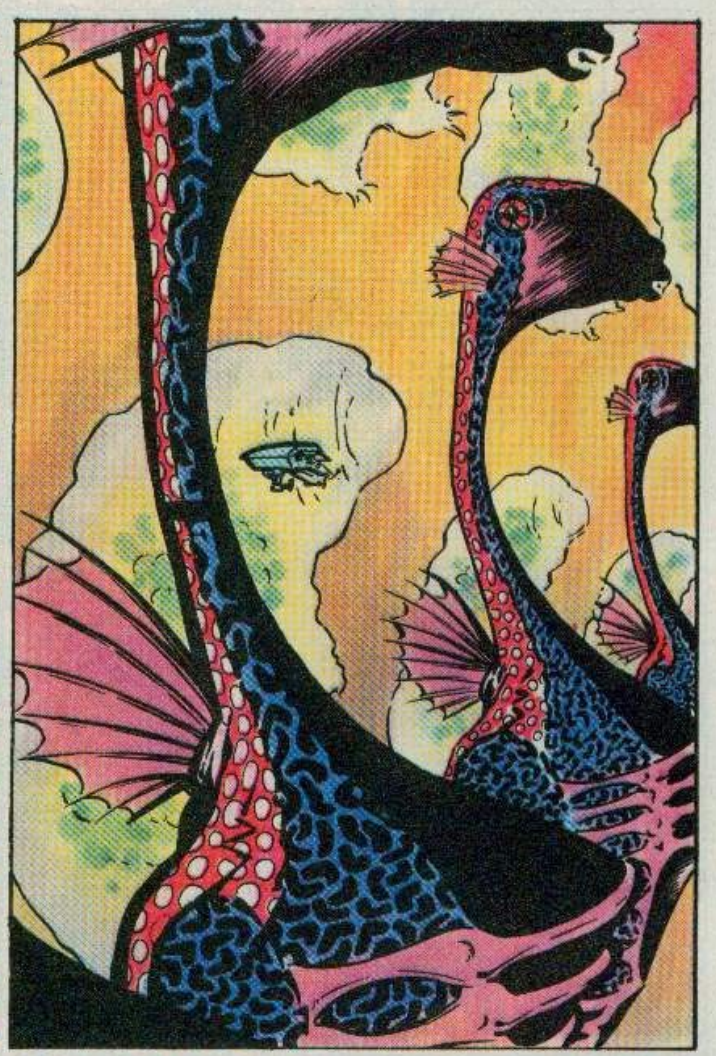
"HIM LEAVING THE PLANET, HAVING FALLEN IN LOVE WITH AN ALIEN SEX-GODDESS, LEAVING HER TO ME ALONE. (NO.)"

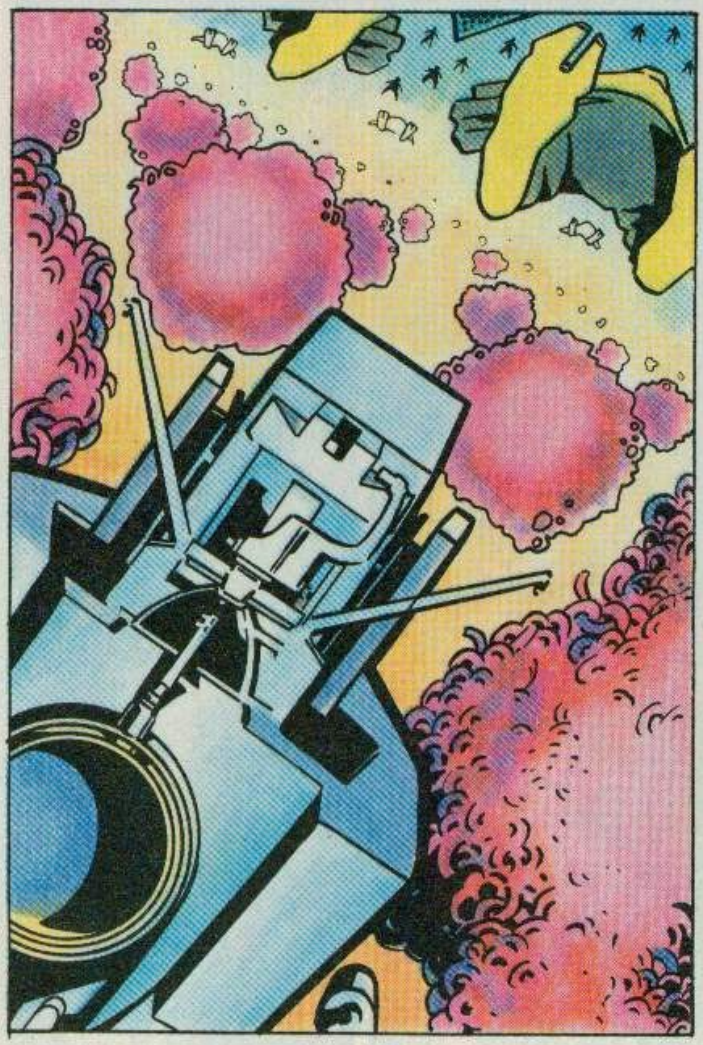
HE'D KILL ALL OF US, YOU KNOW.
JUST FOR STARTERS.
I GOT TO GO. I DON'T WANT TO BE TOO LATE, DO I?
YEAH, ME TOO.
GREG, WHAT DO YOU THINK I'D LOOK LIKE WITH A BLACK CREW-CUT?
I THINK YOU'D LOOK REALLY WICKED.
YEAH?
YEAH. TRENDY COW.
SHUT UP. BASTARD. MY MUM'D HAVE KITTENS. SHE THINKS BATES IS THE DEVIL. HE KILLED MY DAD, YOU KNOW. HE WAS SELLING NEWSPAPERS IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS.
BATES?
MY DAD. IDIOT.
I DIDN'T KNOW.
LIKE I SAID. SHE'D HAVE KITTENS.

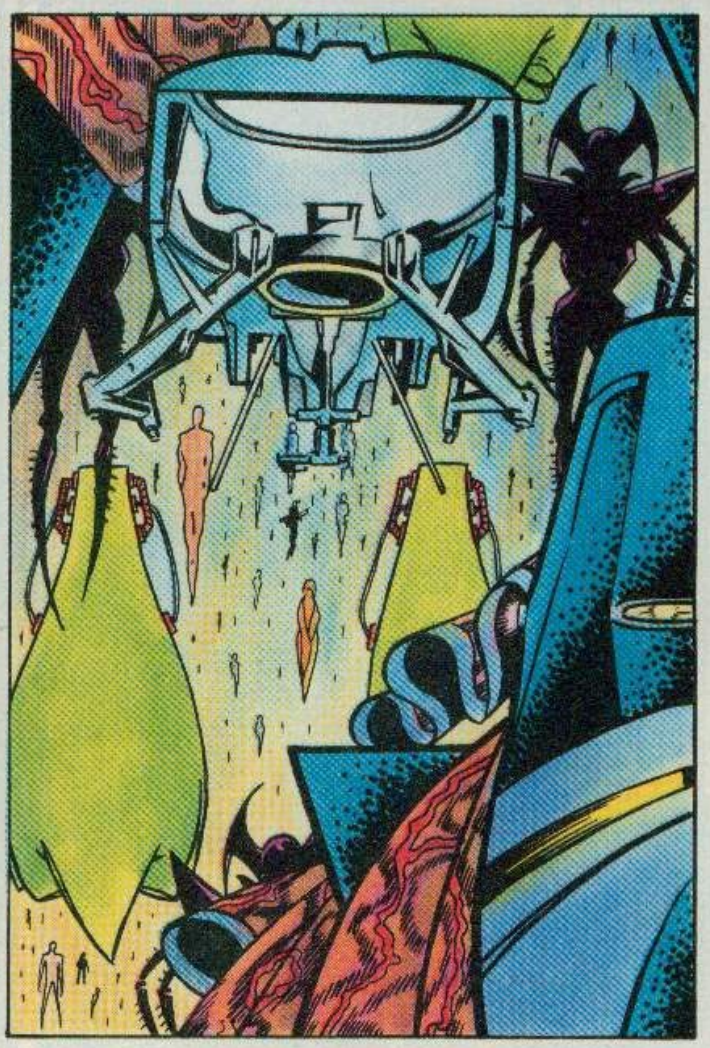
I COULD GET A BLACK LEATHER JACKET... I BET I'D LOOK CRUEL IN A BLACK LEATHER JACKET...
AND NOTHING ELSE...?
WHY, GREGORY HARRISON. I DIDN'T KNOW YOU CARED.
I DON'T. I'M A BATES, AREN'T I?
BASTARD. ANYWAY, I DON'T GO FOR KIDS WITH SPOTS.


RETRIEVAL 2









RETRIEVAL
TO BE CONTINUED